Gob. Be Gods ſonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*, marke mee nowe, now will I raiſe the vvaters; talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Maſter ſir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to live.

Launc. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of young Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your vvorſhips friend and *Launcelet* ſir.

Launc. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you, talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet?*

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant ſhall pleaſe your worſhip.

Launc. Ergo, Maſter *Launcelet*, talke not of Maſter *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fates and Deſtenies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the Siſters three, and ſuch branches of learning, is indeede deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine termes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid, the boy was the very ſtaffe of my age, my very prop.

Launc. Doe I looke like a cudgell, or a hovell poſt, a ſtaffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father?

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy, God reſt his ſoule, alive or dead.

Launc. Doe you not know me Father?

Gob. Alack ſir I am Sand-blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing of me: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his owne childe. VVell, old man, I will tell you newes of your Sonne, give mee your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mans Sonne may, but in the ende, truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you ſir ſtand up, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Launce. Pray you let's have no more fooling, about it, but give mee

mee your bleſſing: I am *L*
that is, your childe that ſha
Gob. I cannot thinke yo
Launc. I know not wh
Launcelet the Iewes man, a
mother.
Gob. Her name is *Mar*
Launcelet, thou art mine o
might he be, what a beard
on thy chinne, then Dobbi
Launc. It ſhould ſeeme
ward. I am ſure he had mo
face when I laſt ſaw him.
Gob. Lord how art tho
ſter agree, I have brought
Launc. Well, well, but
reſt to run away, ſo I will
my Maſter's a very Iewe,
am famiſht in his ſervice.
my ribs: Father I am glad
one Maſter *Baſſanio*, who
ſerve not him, I will runne
fortune, here comes the m
ſerve the Iewe any longer.
Enter Baſſani
Baſ. You may doe ſo, b
dy at the fartheſt by fiue o
put the Liveries to making
my lodging.
Launc. To him Father
Gob. God bleſſe your w
Baſſ. Gramercie, woul
Gob. Heere's my Sonne
Launc. Not a poore bo
ſir, as my Father ſhall ſpeci
Gob. He hath a great i
Laun. Indeede the ſho
have a deſire as my Father

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAN